

Musica Incantans :
OR,
The POWER of MUSICK.
A
POEM.

Written Originally in Latin by Dr. SOUTH.

TRANSLATED:

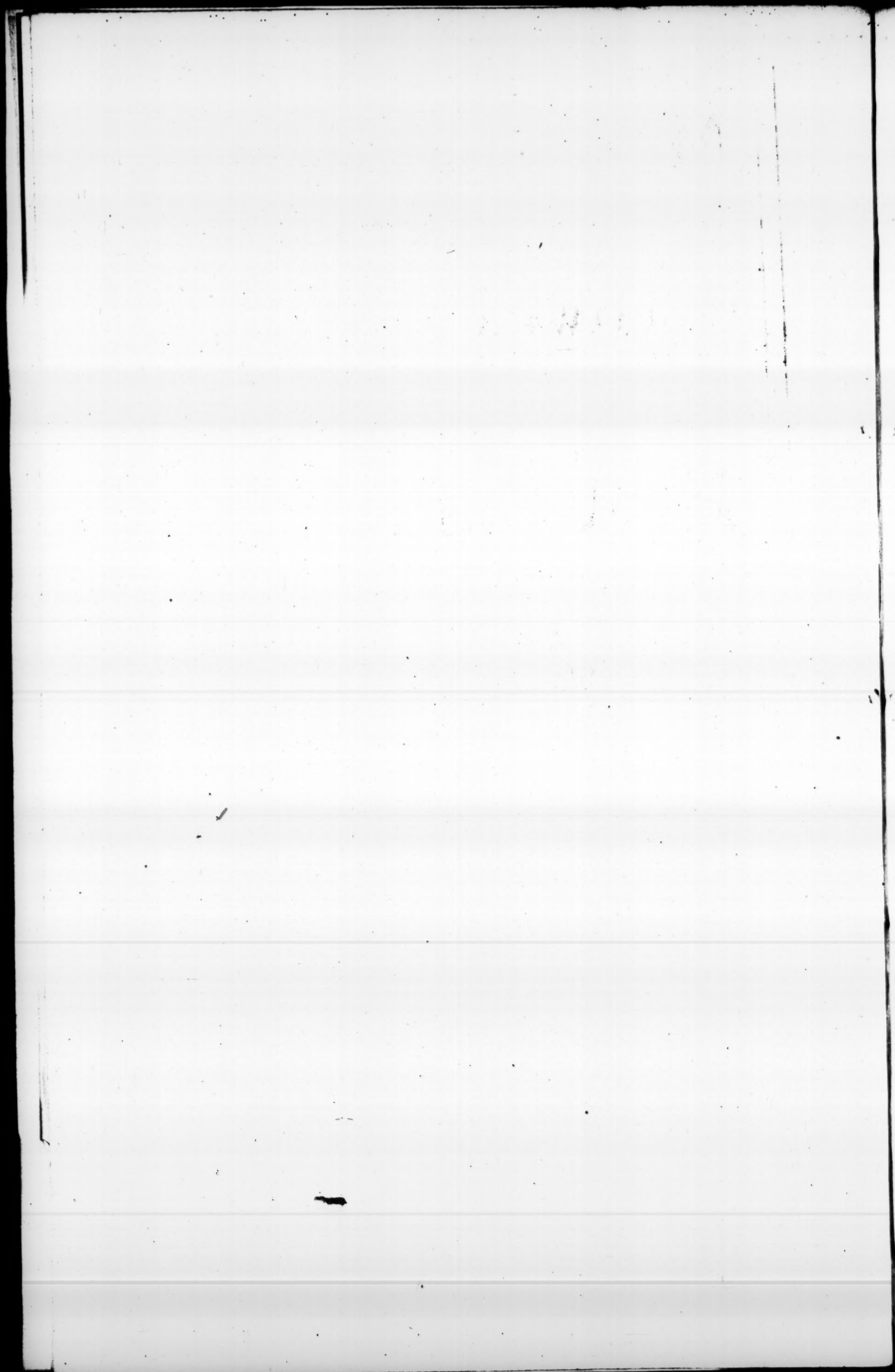
With a *PREFACE* concerning the Natural Effects of MUSICK upon the *Mind*.

*By D^r * * * * * Gibb.*

Semel insanivimus omnes.

L O N D O N,

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THE PREFACE.

THO' the following POEM was at first Translated for my own Diversion, and has lain by a great while, without any other Design, yet having consented to the Publication of it, I thought it might deserve the Ceremony of a short Preface to Introduce it.

The Original was Writ in Latin many Years ago, and having been always esteem'd an Extraordinary Poem. This Consideration, I presume, may be a sufficient Plea for any One, whose Fancy might incline him to Translate it.

I must confess, that tho' the Fiction is very well Contriv'd, and contains abundance of Wit, yet being design'd in Praise of Musick, it may be thought an Unhappiness, that the very Foundation of the Story seems tacitly to oppose the Reputation of that Noble Art: For here Musick is represented as of dangerous Consequence, in occasioning the Distraction and Death of a Young Man; whereas it may be objected that this Art seems rather Adapted and design'd, for quite contrary Effects, viz. not only for Recreating and Refreshing the Spirits, when deprel'd and languishing, but also by a
A Charm-

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Charming Efficacy composing and restraining them from all Extravagant Excursions, and by this means, according to the Opinion (if not Experience) of the Antients, by degrees effecting a Serious Conformation of the Mind to the right Notion of Things, and consequently an Aptitude and Inclination to the Practice of Moral Vertues. All this must certainly be granted, and yet that Musick might by chance have as ill Effect as is described in the following Poem, may be no great Derogation from the Excellence of the Art; but only represents to us, that like a Good Medicine, tho' it is of great efficacy, yet still it may be injudiciously apply'd.

That different Sorts of Musick may be contriv'd so as to have contrary Effects, our own Experience may convince us; for as the Grave Air does by a powerful Sympathy depress us to Sadness, so Quicker and more Sprightly Strains, with a proper Rhythmus do equally excite the Spirits to a chearful and delightful Temper. And in like manner Antient Philosophers, particularly the Platonists and Pythagoreans inform us, that it was in the Power of the Musick, us'd in their Time, to incline the Mind either to Vertue or Vice. And thus tho' They greatly esteem'd, and recommended this Art in General, yet still it was with this Caution, that some sorts of Airs were dangerous to Morality. And thus also we meet with some Instances recorded by Antient Authors, that this Art has been so managed, as both to Cause and Cure Madness.

The Story of Alexander and Timotheus is commonly known. Jamblicus in his Life of Pythagoras, Chap. XXV. and Boethius, in Prefat. Mus. both speak of a Young Man, who by the Phrygian Kind of Musick became Distracted, and afterwards by Doric Measures

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was reduced again to his Right Senses. . And Galen from the Testimony of Posidonius writes to the same Effect, that Damon of Miletus happening to come where a Musician by Phrygian Airs had Incens'd his Hearers to Madness, directing the Artist to change his Hand and play a grave Doric Strain, they were thereby charm'd into a Tranquillity and Compos'dness of Mind.

Saxo Grammaticus, an Ancient Historian, Lib. XII. Historiæ Danicæ. tells us of a certain Danish King, who by the Power of Musick became Distracted. The Story may seem more remarkable if we consider the Particulars, as they are there related, which are to this Effect.

It happen'd, that among several Musicians that attended the King at Supper, there was One most Eminent Artist, who, upon a Dispute about the Force of Musick, being ask'd whether it was in the Power of his Art to Provoke a Man to Rage and Fury, affirm'd it possible, and being afterwards question'd, whether he knew the Way or Method of such a Performance, confess'd he did: Whereupon the King, being curious to Try the Experiment, desired, and at last by Threats compell'd Him to use his utmost Endeavours to perform what he pretended to. The Musician perceiving no way of Declining the Undertaking, order'd that all Arms and dangerous Instruments should be remov'd out of the Room, and that several Persons, plac'd out of the Sound of his Musick, as soon as they heard any extraordinary Noise, should break open the Doors, to prevent what Mischief might happen. And this being accordingly done, he began so Grave a Strain, that it presently fill'd the Hearers with Sadness, and lull'd their Spirits into a deep Supplication: After he had thus play'd a convenient Time, by a Brisker
and

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and more Sprightly sort of Musick; he rais'd them from their Dullness to a chearful Temper, so that being cured of their Melancholy they were now Dancing for Joy: At last running over a confus'd Division with a most Violent quickness, he made them so Impatient, that they fill'd the House with Clamours; such an absolute Power had the Variety of Sounds over the Affections of their Mind. When those therefore that were without, understood that the King, and they that were with him, were grown Furious; they broke open the Doors, and took hold of the King, to secure him from doing himself a Mischief. But He, being incens'd and strengthen'd with Passion, threw himself out of their Arms, and having got a Sword, presently Killed Four of his Guards, that were next him, and by a greater Number of Them, not without their great Danger, was at last over-power'd.

This strange Relation our Historian confirms by this memorable Instance, that it occasion'd a Revolution in the Government. For the King, when reduced to his Senses, being very Sorry for the Ill he had done; for the Expiation of his Crime, enjoyn'd Himself a Religious Pilgrimage, designing to visit the Holy-Land: And accordingly having Committed the Administration of the Government to his Son Haraldus; in his Travels he dy'd, and was Bury'd in the Island of Cyprus.

I must leave the Reader to his own Liberty, whether he will believe this to be matter of Fact, or no; I shall not Vouch for the Historian. Tho' I might Expostulate in his behalf, what Interest he could have to mention such an Untruth, and to confirm it by such Remarkable Circumstances.

But, what is most to our present Purpose, I shall offer some Reasons for supposing that the Musick of the
Antients

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Antients might possibly be so managed as to cause Madness.

And first of all, it is not to be imagin'd how great Command of this Art they might have arriv'd to, by long Practice, and those Improvements which so many Learned Men, for several Ages, must successively have added; especially considering the vast Scope of the Antient Musick, when compar'd to the Modern. 'Tis probable, that the Art of Composing in Parts, may now be better Understood and Practic'd, than it was in their Time: But it must be suppos'd that while they neglected this Part of Musick; they might improve their Art to a greater Influence over the Fancy by a long Study and Practice in the several Kinds of Musick: And this will appear more Probable, if we consider that the Chromatic and Enharmonic Kinds, (which are not much us'd by Modern Musicians,) seem to be adapted to affect the Imagination with greater Force and Efficacy, than the Diatonic Genus, which is now chiefly practic'd.

And Dr. Holder, in his Treatise concerning the Natural Grounds and Principles of Harmony, confirms the same Opinion in these Words.

This way of theirs, seems to be more proper (by the Elaborate Curiosity, and Nicety of Contrivance of Degrees, and by Measures, rather than by Harmonious Consonancy, and by long study'd Performance) to make great Impressions upon the Fancy, and Operate accordingly, as some Histories relate: Ours more sedately affects the Understanding and Judgment from the Judicious contrivance and happy Composition of Melodius Consort. The One quietly but powerfully affects the Intellect, by true Harmony: The Other

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chiefly by the *Rythmus*, violently attacks and hurries the Imagination.

Having thus considered the Art of Musick in General; if we inquire into the Nature and Properties of Sounds, we may with greater Certainty guess their Effects.

That they Cure the Sting of the Tarantula, is a Truth so generally receiv'd, and confirm'd, by several Persons, that have been Eye-Witnesses of it in some parts of Italy, That it may be no unworthy Employment of our Thoughts, to enquire into the manner of this their Operation, And in the first place we may reasonably suppose, that this Malady does partly proceed from a great Effervescence of the Animal Spirits of the Insect, actuated by a Violent Intention, as it is in Mad Dogs, and Communicated by the Sting to the Patient. Secondly, by the Effects we may perceive, that the Poyson receiv'd chiefly affects the Spirits, the Symptom discover'd being only a Frenzy. And lastly, considering the Quantity of the Poysonous Matter compar'd to that of the whole Mass of Blood, we may conclude that It is neither proportion'd nor qualified to Disorder any thing but the Animal Spirits, and that this Disorder, as in all other Fermentations, chiefly consists in a too Violent and Preternatural Motion. Now if Musick Cures this Distemper by Actuating the Spirits so as to oppose the Incurfion of the Poyson; It may be, as it is in Women, in a longing Condition, when the Imagination directs the Animal Spirits to collect and compose out of the Blood of the Parent such Particles as come nearest to the Thing long'd for, in outward appearance; the Imagination always acting according to the Sense that informs it; these Particles being thus muster'd up to supply the Fœtus with what
Nature

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Nature seems to Want; they are fix'd by the Spirits and Mark the same Part of the Child's Body, as the Mother chances first to think of, or touch of her own, this Accident determining and directing the Operation of the Spirits, by the resemblance of the Parts to the Imagination. And thus possibly Musical Sounds may strengthen and empower the Imagination to employ the Spirits so as to gather out of the Blood such Principles as may resist and oppose the Contagion.

But since we suppos'd that the Sting of the Tarantula only causes an extraordinary commotion of the Animal Spirits, it seems most probable that Musick by such an Influence as that whereby it inclines us to Sadness, may be adapted to allay or restrain that unnatural Effervescence, till Nature has dispers'd or wrought off the Fermentative Matter; and thus it seems most reasonable to believe, that the Cure of the Bite of the Tarantula is effected.

Now from this Consideration of Musical Sounds, we may infer, that they may be also capable of producing contrary Effects: For if They can thus allay and moderate the Motion of the Spirits when in a high Frenzy, 'tis equally probable that by contrary measures they may excite Them to as great a Distraction. Nay, the Musick of the Antients, as we have before represented it, seems more adapted to Cause than to Cure Madness, not only upon the Account of its Variety, but even from our own Observation that the sprightly Air more powerfully elevates the Spirits, than the Grave Composition depresses and restrains Their Motion.

And it may appear an unreasonable Suspicion to distrust the Concurring Testimony of Antient Authors concerning the Wonderful Operation of Musick upon the Mind,

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Mind, if we reflect upon the Exquifiteness of the Sense, which it affects. For the Objects of the Visive Faculty are so Imaginary and Intellectual, that they produce in us rather a Perception than a Sensation; and on the other Hand, the Inferiour Senses are Gross and Material; whereas Harmonious Sounds Act with greater and Nobler Force upon the Ear; for Insinuating themselves into the Affections, by co-operating with the Motions of the Animal Spirits, they gain a great Influence both over Soul and Body.

Thus we have taken a short and Transient View of the Natural Effects of Musick upon the Mind, as far as might be pertinent to our present Purpose, as well for the Curiosity of the Subject, as to advance the following Poem, by making the Fiction appear more Probable.

ERRATA.

PRef. p. 3. l. 23. read *Stupefaction*. Po. p. 2. l. 12. r. *Loves*. l. 19. r. *Night the Day*. p. 7. l. 9. r. *his Eyes*.

Musica

Musica Incantans :

O R,

The POWER of *MUSICK*.

The ARGUMENT.

A Young Man having, at his own Request, heard a Performance in MUSICK, growing thereby Distracted, drowns himself in the Sea: The Musician there-upon Apprehended, and Accused of Homicide, undertakes to Plead, Defends himself, and is Acquitted.

NO Royal Fight, No Hero's conquering Arms,
But nobler Vict'ries by Harmonious Charms
We Sing: The ~~God~~ God, that animates the *Lyre*
Will our bold Song, in its just Praise, inspire.
But what nice Hand can Sounds pretend to paint,
And to our Eyes soft Ecchos represent.

B

On

On some great Themes did *Antient* Poets wish
 An Hundred Voices to inform ; on This
 As many Ears and Tongues we want, t' express
 A Song, like Musick, justly various.

A *Lyrift* in *Arcadia* liv'd, so skill'd,
 His Fame and Musick all the Country fill'd;
 Him some great Neighbours Nuptial Feast invites,
 With other Youth, to celebrate the Rites,
 The mirthful Entertainments to partake,
 And the Reward of Those his Art could make :
 Such was their Custom : Thus the Nuptial Joys
 The Muse, tho' still a *Virgin*, love to Solemnize :
 And should she not assist, the Festival
 Of Love and Wine would soon grow Dull and pall.
 And who but *Lyrists* should those Rites attend,
 Whose Art o're Birds and Beasts has such Command,
 That they the Treat not only can advance,
 But the whole Feast supply by their Attractive Strains.

The Nuptials done, when Night ^{the} Day invades,
 Returning homeward o're the Verdant Meads;
 (Like *Orpheus* Walking in the *Elysian* Shades;)

He sees a Youth, who in a Neighbouring Field,
 Lookt, as the Evening was sedate and mild:
 Walking towards him, ignorant of his Fate;
 (Thus who does not Misfortunes sometimes meet)
 Much pleas'd to See him, whose Harmonious Art
 Could to his Ears such soft Delights impart:
 Unconscious, that this *Orpheus* with his Lyre,
 Could Life destroy, as well as Life Inspire.

They meet; and after Salvation past,
 The Youth his love of *Musick* strait express,
 To hear its Charms employs his Eloquence;
 And from the *Lyrick* for Rewards obtains
 His future Damage in the *Fatal Strains*.

The Artist takes his Lyre, and strait begins
 With broken Strokes, to Tune the trembling Strings,
 Thus All he does with their just Sound supply
 He tries, and knows when sweetly they agree,
 Tho' diff'rent each, in universal Harmony.
 Then with a careless Touch, his Fingers fly
 O're the just Order of some tuneful Key,
 And unawares he joins his Chanting Voice,
 And thus unthinkingly his Art betrays.

Thus he at once explores his *Lyre*, and thows (flows)
 That from most skilful Hands th' Harmonious *Prelude*
 And while the *Strings*, and his own *Nerves* he strains,
 Both for the future Song become intense.
 By Artful Methods thus his Art he tries;
 Then boldly strikes, and equally his Voice
 Does, like the mounting Lark, with Singing rise.
 No sooner thus the Strings began to move,
 But the Youth's trembling Heart within him strove,
 With tunelike *Pulses* to compose a Dance,
 As if its Fibres felt th' affecting Strains.
 Such Pow'r has *MUSICK*, that with slender *Treads*
 It thus the noblest Minds, as Captive leads
 O're the Charm'd Youth the *Lyrist* thus begins
 At once his *Conquest*, and the *Triumph* Sings.
 The speaking Strings confess the powerful Hand
 That, making those soft Melodies ascend,
 Did even the *Tongue* it self in *Vocal Skill* transcend.

Such Harmonies the Youth not only heard,
 But they are to each alter'd Limb transfer'd:
 He Blushes, then turns pale again, and thus
 His Colour, as the Sound, grows various.

His

His *Feet* would in Harmonious Measures move,
 But that they more th' *attentive Station* love :
 His sparkling *Blood* within his glowing *Veins*
 Strives to ferment into a *Circ'lar Dance* :
 And tho' the *Limbs* cannot the Musick hear,
 Their *Parts* of Passion all in Consort *bear* :
 Such universal Transports he receiv'd,
 As if *new Life* he from that *Harmony* deriv'd.

Thus, wondring at the strange and powerful Skill,
 With *trembling*, like the Strings, he seems to *feel*
 Each Stroke the Artist plays; and every Sound,
 As by some Magick, seems t' inflict a Wound :
 And yet so pleasant all appear, that still (*heal.*
 His *sooth'd* tho' *suff'ring* Mind, at once they wound and

The *Song* was various, which, if told, might please :
 In gentle Warblings first the Strings express
 The sad Affecting Fate of *Philomel*,
 More mournful than her *Needle* could reveal.
 Then of the *Gods* the *Rapes* he sung, and *Joves*
 Innumerable and lascivious *Loves* :
 But still *unmov'd*, the Youth's Harmonious *Breast*
 No *Love*, but that of the soft *Lyre*, possest :

He feels its *charming Violence* within,
 And thinks no other *Rape* can be *Divine*:
 With th' Artist's Hand, his *Heart* in *Consort Beats*,
 And with a *timely Pulse* each *Stroke* repeats.
 And thus the *Lyrift* does his *Passion* raise,
 And thro' his *Listning Ears* his *Soul* decoys:
 But when th' *Effects*, his *Art* produc'd, he spy'd,
 He rais'd his *Voice*, and bolder strains essay'd,
 Uniting *Nature's Powers* with those his *Art* supply'd.

O're *various Notes* the *Lyre* and *Lyrift* run,
 While in soft *Groans* the *Youth* strikes only *One*:
 And when such *Harmonies* in *Consort* joyn,
 To *bear* the powerful *Sounds* he strives in vain:
 While *Vocal Skill* conspires with *Artful strains*,
 A quick *Distraction* o're his *Senses* gains:
 And with such *Force* the *Artist* rais'd his *Breath*,
 That with *soft Air* it *Wounds*, and *speaks* resistless *Death*:
 As if within his *Mouth* there did ferment
Contagious Fury, such as *Dogs* in *Madness* vent,
 And with such *Artful Rage* the *Notes* invade,
 Th' *Attentive Youth* grows *Emulously Mad*;
 While to his *Brain* his vanquish'd *Sense* transfers
 Sounds that too much *oppress* his ravisht *Ears*:

And

And such *strong Charms* attend the Powerful Lays,
As mov'd the *Brain* out of its *proper place*.

Now *Madness* in odd Freaks begins to play;
His Blushes, swimming Eyes, and Looks betray
Confusion in his *Mind*: his *Senses* quit,
In a disorder'd Flight, their tottering *seat*.
Sometimes he shakes his *Head*, as if his Brain
Th' Ideas of those lasting Sounds within
Labour'd to *Eccho out*— sometimes *Eyes*
To Heaven he lifts, and, in wild Blasphemies,
Those lofty Regions rashly he forswears,
Where **MUSICK** reigns in vast revolving *Spheres*.
Thus he in *Passion*— starting then in haste
With furious Rage towards the *Sea* he past,
While all its *Labours* strive within his *Breast*:
Like *Stormy Waves*, his Thoughts *tumultuous* rise,
His Face with *Foam* grows *White* as raging Seas:
To the vast *Main* at length approaching near,
Which happen'd then in *Ebbing* to retire,
Thus, in its usual Course did Trembling seem,
As Careful to decline the future Crime.
Here stopping, in his looks his *Madness* lowrs,
(As *Ajax* frown'd on the *Sigeon Shoars*)

And since the Sounds invain he would *forget*,
 Invain to *Lethe's dormant Pool* commit,
 He in the spacious *Main* resolves to try
 The pertinacious *Notes* to wash away,
 And hopes eternal *Peace* amongst the *Silent Fry*.

He views the *Waves*, and to the *troubled Seas*
 Compares his *Mind*--- Now for strange *Voyages*
 He'd fain Embark, and give the *Wind* his *Cares*,
 Nor any *Danger* of the *Deep* he fears,
 Secure from *Harmony*--- Now his *Disease*
 Ferments so high, he knows not where he is:
 In Frenzy's *Whirlpool* hurry'd round he seems,
 And his Head *swims* at sight of distant *Streams*---
 Now *Death* he fears--- now wishes for; and thus
 Like *Waves*, his doubtful *Mind* still *ebbs* and *flows*---
 At length he on a sudden leaps away,
 And plung'd himself in the less raving *Sea*:
 And thus the *Waves* now swell with *double Rage*,
 While adverse *Floods* the striving *Youth* engage;
 Who, tho' he tempted his *untimely Death*,
 Now struggles to preserve his fleeting *Breath*:
 But he invain resists th' o'rewhelming *Seas*,
 Then *Farewel, Fatal, Charming Lyre*, he cries:

Sinking

Sinking the bubbling Waves his Ears drink in,
And in this Death his *Eye-balls* truly swim.

As fam'd *Narcissus* did from *Eccho* fly,
And in the flattering Flood distracted Dy,
This Youth more charmd an equal Fortune had,
Striving those softer *Ecchoes* to evade;
Like His, the Fate that did this Youth engage,
Equally strange was his *destructive Rage*:
And while he gaz'd on the *Tempestuous Flood*,
Narcissus ne're his *juster Image* view'd.

And thus he fell, whose Birth the *Birds of Fate*
With *inauspicious Songs* did celebrate.
Severely sweet the *Muses* tun'd the *Lyre*,
And thus the *Nine* did all against *One Youth* conspire.
The *Lyrift* thus display'd his *Siren Art*,
Not only that he did such Sounds impart,
But that, by force of powerful Harmony,
He to the *fatal Waves* did the fond Youth decoy.

And thus the Artist did such Skill express
As equall'd great *Amphion's* charming Lays,
And as He sooth'd wild *Beasts*, did fiercer *Passions* raise.

D

Ah

Ah Grief! to think that such sweet Strains as these
 Should *Mortal* prove, and the *Three Destinies*
 Should *string* with *Fatal Threads* the warbling *Lyre*!
 But if such gentle Notes can Death inspire,
 How Dreadful then is every Tuneful Sound,
 That can with *Softness* pierce, and *Trembling* wound.

Then let *Apollo* quit his *Shafts* and *Bow*,
 The *String* alone can all their force out do.
 The *Trumpet* seems, while **MUSICK** thus Destroys,
It self to Conquer: And no wonder 'tis,
 The *Lion* trembles at the *Cock's* shrill Voice.

O Cruel Breath! to *Speak* the *Mortal Blow*
 Was more than Barbarous *Nero* e're could do:
 He in such Tuneful Strains his Tyrannies
 Might Celebrate: But this Destructive Voice
 Ev'n in the Fatal Act *it self* employs.

If e're *Empedocles* had heard those Strains,
 He ne're had perisht in th' *Etnean Flames*;
 But might reverse his Fate, escape the *Fire*,
 And in the *Watry Element* expire.

Or

Or had this *Lyrist* been a Rural *Swain*,
 Thus o're the Lightning *Herd* his Notes would gain,
 And they'd be forc'd into the Waves to stray
 By tuneful Charms, And *Phrixus* might survey
 Whole Flocks of *Sheep* all swimming in the Sea.

If when the World was from the *Flood* retriev'd,
 This *Lyrist* had the *Common Fate* surviv'd,
 And for *Deucalion* had this Song prepar'd,
 To sooth his Cares, when He those Sounds had heard,
 He too would hasten to the *Ebbing Sea*,
 And even in th' expiring *Deluge Dye*.

Apollo thus, without *Celestial Fire*,
 Bold *Icarus*, that did too high expire,
 Might sooner plunge by his more powerful *Lyre*.

If Sounds can Kill, and Notes the Sword supply,
Achilles, when he ceas'd to war with *Troy*,
 Consulting the sweet Force of Lyrick Charms,
 Did only change, not truly quit his Arms.

But

But now *Loquacious Fame* the News had spread,
 Of the strange *Fatal Notes*, the *Lyrift* play'd,
 As *Eccho* would those Notes reiterate,
 She did the aggravated Crimes repeat
 Both of the *Lyrift*, and his *Murd'rous Strains*;
 And to the *Magistrate* at length complains.

And now a *Council* does himself apply,
 With *Bawling*, to condemn the Charms of *Harmony*:
 And first he does for the great *Cause* prepare,
 Then turns himself to the Tremendous *Bar*,
 And thus against the *Lyrift* does *Declare*.

The Council against the Lyrift.

My Lord, I move, that a few things You'd hear,
 Before the Criminal's Voice enchants your Ear,
 Who here stands Charg'd with a strange Murd'ring Skill
 In Musick: 'Tis no more with him to Kill,
 Than play a Tune; and thus on Land have we
 A Syren-Monster greater than the Sea.
 Musick is sweet--- but Murder louder cries,
 Nor with the Sounds their Crime can quickly cease.

And

*And he himself by his own Words betrays,
 While this Harmonious Art he durst profess,
 For which we see Amphion justly fear'd,
 And Orpheus was compell'd with Brutes to herd.
 If Birds were thus Harmonious, soon would they
 Ev'n to each other's Song become a Prey.
 Now this Infernal Orpheus, with his Lyre,
 Charmed an unhappy Youth ev'n to admire
 The Sea, as That some Venus did contain,
 And now ev'n sweet he thinks the Briny Main.
 What should he do, whose Sense was thus engag'd?
 Ev'n Dædalus, with such soft Notes enrag'd,
 Had plung'd, unless with Wax he'd stopt his Ears:
 But here with Land the Criminal Sea conspires,
 And while the guilty Waves are stain'd with Blood,
 They spread their Crime o're all the weeping Flood:
 In vain they strive to Sink the Fatal Deed,
 Which in their Blushing Face too plain we read:
 The Watry God begins to rage and Foam,
 That no just Punishments the Crime attone,
 Murm'ring to see Vindictive Justice slow----
 But if sweet sounds can Drown, I wonder how
 Arion o're the Sea so safely past:
 And when the Lyrift plung'd the Youth, at least*

*His Art might there for him a Dolphin Draw,
But now he no Defence can make, the Law
Proclaims him Guilty; Statutes all agree,
And that of Justice is the Legal Harmony.*

He said. And all the Court, with silent Fear,
Did of the Criminal's Answer strait despair.
But 'twould be strange should MUSICK silent be
In its own Cause, should *Eccho* ne'er reply.

The Cryer having Proclamation made,
The *unharmonious Voice* the *Lyrist* strait obey'd,
With fault'ring speech and trembling he begins;
And yet ev'n *Musical* that *Trembling* seems,
For artfully he shook, as when he sung,
His charming *Lyre* o're his Left Shoulder hung,
While for his Life he *Speaks* a good Defence,
Which he had almost lost by *Vocal Strains*.
As Learned *Gracchus*, when he was to plead,
Instructed by his Harp the *Lyrist* made
A *Various Speech*: The silent Court attends,
While thus he Answers, and himself Defends.

The

The Lyrift in his own Defence.

*My Tuneful Voice, charg'd with another's Fate,
 I beg, my self from Death may vindicate.
 In vain I would the Fatal Strains recant,
 Or if with Tears I should the Youth lament,
 I should but add vain Waters to the Main:
 The Fact I may defend, but would recall in vain.
 With Songs the Dying Youth to celebrate,
 Was to Bewail, but could not Cause his Fate.
 And having seen the God of Harmony.
 Each Ev'ning safely plunge the willing Sea,
 Where thus each Night the Lord of Song remain'd,
 I thought, that this Harmonious Youth might find
 Himself with equal Favour entertain'd.
 Suppose he flung himself into the Seas,
 Charm'd by my Strains, there's no Great Crime in this:
 Who e're for Hellebore to cure his Brain,
 Could without ventring thus explore the Main:
 Besides, since I've oft heard the Learned say,
 Our Souls are all made up of Harmony,
 If this Youth Dy'd by the too charming Lyre,
 'Twas with Excels of Life he did expire.*

But

But how could the soft Notes of Musick kill?
 Since Death with empty Sounds alone could ne'er prevail.
 The Criminal Seas their self-attoning Fault
 With Lustral Water soon may expiate,
 And thus the Waves, that caus'd, will purge from Guilt
 And let those Cruel over-whelming Seas (the Fate.
 Now also drown my Crime in endless Peace.
 But if I Dye, who shall my Death atone?
 If my charm'd Trees should fatal Spears become,
 In vain they'd strive thus to revenge my Fate,
 As Vengeance oft o'ertakes the Crime too late,
 Or shall the Stones, once softned by my Lyre,
 Rudely involve me in a Sepulcher.
 If MUSICK be the Crime for which I dye,
 How well the Tuneful Swan resembles me,
 Since thus I sung my own prophetick Elegy.
 The Crime, that's charg'd, does still unprov'd remain:
 For the Youth's Drowning must I plunge the Main?
 Was I the Cause, that while I sung, he drown'd?
 If at that time a Star fell to the Ground,
 Would You then think my Strains the Stars from Heav'n
 drew down.
 'Tis Madness, thus to charge me with his Rage,
 Or think the Muse could with blind Fate engage
 Against

Against the Youth, or that by Art he dy'd;
No guiltless Blood my Voice did ever shed:
Lords of the Law! 'tis Your Sententious Breath,
That can with Words alone speak certain Death.
Thus he---- Then justly grant a Wretch, he cry'd,
Your Pardon. Pardon Eccho strait reply'd.

He said. The Judge to Favour much inclines,
And this the Criminal's Punishment enjoyns,
That since in Skill thus Orpheus he exceeds,
He shall descend to the Elysian Shades,
And thence compel, by a like Artful Strain,
The Youth, he thither sent, back to return again.

If Any ask, what could my Thoughts engage
In this Mad Theme; 'Twas some Poetic Rage.
Forbidding me the Heliconian Spring,
That led me thus in Seas to Bath and Sing.
Poets an Artful Fury must inspire,
And thy True Sons, great Patron of the Lyre,
May pass like Orpheus to th' Elysian Shades:
Thy glorious Flight the lofty Skies invades.
But I, without th' Harmonious Quil and Voice
Of the Dircean Swan, can't sing thy Praise;

And those, tho' fam'd, can only captive
 Th' *inferiour Wood*, but *Laurels* on *Thee* wait;
 And justly thou dost thy own Fate Survive,
 Like *Memnon's Vocal Statue*, still to give
 Thy self that Praise, thou only canst make live.
 And hast inscrib'd, since thus thy Art was try'd,
 Soft *MUSICK's* lasting Praise ev'n in the *fluid Tyde*.

But while for thy just Praise, I thus prepare,
 In the vast *Main*, I dread to venture far;
 So large an Ocean does my thoughts engage,
 I must strike Sail, and check my forward Rage.

FINIS

